ROSEBUD GOES TO THE PLAY

AND LEARNS THE STORY OF THE TRUNK THAT WENT WRONG.

Betty's Discovery of Her Missing Clothes Brings Out an Incident of the San Francisco Earthquake and Sir Crawford Marvels at Women's Actions.

Lady McGowan is one of these here women who likes a lark, who likes to make a cocktail for me or Sir Crawford—and he never gets over the wonder that she can mix them—who likes to do good and not have any one know of it, but who gets fighting mad over so much as a suggestion as to her dressing or her dresses.

[Rosebud was talking about the ways of women, a subject in which he takes an interest that shows signs of becoming steadily less impersonal, and as usual when that topic is up, found his illustration in his ward, Lady McGowan.]

Sir Crawford says to me one day: "Betty boxed her maid's ears to-day for mishandling one of her frocks, so she is buttoning up her own shoes now. Really, Rosebud," he says to me, "I got anxious about what that charming wife of mine did with all her old duds, for she buys enough to dress a court.

"When I found out how she disposed of the garments she lays aside I found out another reason for considering her the finest old Dutch on earth."

I could have told Sir Crawford all about it, for Miss Jane told me. They, Miss Jane and Betty, hunt up nice women who can't afford to dress as well as they should, to be treated as they should, and they find ways of getting Betty's clothes into their hands without hurting their feelings.

But you'd think, to know the way Lady Crawford goes on about her dresses, that she'd rather part with a finger than an old apron. I mind me of a happening that will show you what I mean.

About a year ago, or a little less, for it was soon after the San Francisco disaster, Sir Crawford comes over here and says he'd take breakfast.

"Betty won't be fit to speak to all day," he says, "because one of the trunks we got away from San Francisco turns out not to be filled with the new gowns she got there, but with a lot of cheap trash that looks jolly well like we were going to give charades."

Crawford, you'll understand, has a big fruit orchard in California. Betty went out with him for the blossom season, and they were in San Francisco when the disaster came. Betty made him stop over while she shopped, for she'd found a store there that imported the kind of things she likes to wear.

A little showy, I'd say; just a bit gay, but they suit her.

These were all packed in one big trunk, and when the earthquake turned them out of the Palace Hotel not fire nor quake nor falling walls could budge my Lady McGowan till she saw that trunk put on a carriage Crawford hired for $50, to send to some friend out on the hills.

You know the stories of those days. The world does. I need tell you only this—that friend's house took fire, and Betty's trunk with other things was hustled out onto a vacant lot.

Other people were lugging their goods there too. The next day Sir Crawford paid $100 for a truck, got his luggage over the bay and they came home. But one trunk was wrong.

A month after that Betty, Miss Jane, Sir Crawford and I went to see a new show at a Broadway theatre. I had a box.

About the middle of the first act in sweeps a woman and throws every one else on the stage into the shade with an evening gown that made every woman in the audience sit up sharp.

Betty gives a gasp and, as I'm a single man, begins climbing over the box rail for the stage. Miss Jane pulled her back.

"For God's sake, Betty!" whispered her husband, thinking his good wife had gone dotty. "What is it?"

"That creature has on my gown!" gasps Betty.

We all sat silent a moment, wondering what had gone wrong with her mind.

Sir Crawford spoke first, trying to jolly her, you could see, but he was well frightened.

"Of course, my dear," says he, "that's one of my favorite tricks. Herrmann taught it to me. I bury a blooming gown out by the Golden Gate, make a pass—Presto!—it turns up on Broadway nicely fitted to a new soubrette."

"You are talking nonsense, Crawford," she says. "That's my gown."

Well, in the next act the new soubrette nearly knocks the audience's eyes out by flashing on in what women call an afternoon house gown that looked like a picture.

Betty turned to us with a moan.

"This is no joke," she says. "That hussy has my San Francisco wardrobe. The gown, the slippers, the stockings are mine. Call the police!"

Crawford was getting so nervous he couldn't sit still; Miss Jane was white with fright, and I was trying to think if ever I'd seen Betty's father out of his head. I had. But Betty only took one glass of wine at dinner before the show.

Betty was studying the programme.

"Next is a street scene," she muttered. "If she has that frock on I'll go to her dressing room and scratch her eyes out."

"I think we'd better go home, Betty," says Miss Jane, who, you'll remember, was Betty's teacher in the old days.

"Jolly good idea," says Crawford. "Get some fresh air; get a bite to eat; we'll all feel better."

"Go, if you like," says Betty. "I'll wait to see if the brazen thing wears that frock—if this beastly act ever ends."

Lady McGowan is one of the kind of women who have their own way in this world. It's some so with men, but more so with women, that those who assert their own will with what you may call emphasis have their will. It helps in the case of a woman if she's pretty. There's none prettier than my ward.

We waited.

Well, sir, the women in that audience couldn't help it. When that soubrette walked on in the next act they fairly blistered their gloves applauding.

It was the frock. I'm only a man and can tell you nothing about it. But the little soubrette was heartened by the applause and made good. The play was a success.

"Send for the police this instant or I'll scream!" says Betty, her eyes blazing as she saw the woman. "Frock, hat, gloves, boots, parasol—the only ones imported—oh! This is horrible!"

I slipped out to the manager. He was busy with a swarm of speculators who had seen the hit and were buying up the house for the next week. I knew him well.

"Send word to Miss Pachit. I'd like to have her join a party of ladies and gentlemen at supper," I said.

The answer came back: "Must decline. Sorry, haven't a rag to wear."

I sent a note to her myself, saying that the supper would be in a private house; that it was personally important that she should attend; that she need not fear the least embarrassment.

The answer came back: "I fear I understand. I can explain. I will come."

I left Sir Crawford's carriage at the stage door. I told his footman who to bring. He's a wise man.

At home Betty stormed, but promised that she would say nothing until the actress had had a chance to explain.

"There's a story and she can explain," I said, "or she would not come."

We were sitting around the table, waiting, when that footman announced:

"Mrs. Stone, Miss Stone."

A woman poorly—yes, shabbily—dressed entered, leading a little girl by the hand. The woman was pale, trembling, half frightened, half defiant; the child was pale and—and something else.

"I suppose you sent for me," began the woman, "to explain——"

Betty jumped to her feet and fairly thundered.

"That child looks hungry! Are you hungry?"

The little girl's eyes were fixed on a big dish of handsome fruit, some Sir Crawford had expressed on from his place out there.

"Yes, ma'am, please, I am," replied the child before the mother could hush it with her hand at its mouth.

The little one was about the age of Betty's oldest.

You should have seen Betty then!

Her father and I once owned and ran a faro game in Arizona. No man ever lost a cent there who didn't have an equal chance with the bank, barring the percentage on splits. That's the profits of honest faro dealers.

But there was a gang of pikers there who were bad losers. They were grouchy. They annoyed us and the game by their back talk. When he could stand it no longer Betty's father jumped into the gang and I had to follow him. It was whirlwind work, but we got no more back talk.

Betty reminded me of that then. Half the servants in the house were waiting on that youngster in half a minute, with Betty mothering and "poor dearing" her.

When the rest of us got at our supper the woman began her story.

"I was playing in a light opera at the Tivoli," she said, "earning a good salary and easily supporting my child and—my husband. I had saved some money to come on here to New York, for a manager who had seen my work intimated that he could use me.

"When the earthquake came I caught up my baby and ran into the street. My husband—I never saw him again or the money I had saved.

"I packed into a new big trunk I'd just bought to travel with my stage wardrobe, and some of the stage hands the next day carried it out to a vacant lot on the hills, where we slept that night.

"A lady I knew when—before I was married found me and took us and my trunk to a house of some friends. I said I thought I could get work here and they got the money for our fares.

"I rented a cheap room here, for I had only a few dollars left, and went at once to the manager who had seen my work, and asked for an engagement.

"He said at once he had just the part for me. Then he looked at the poor dress I had on—this one—and asked how I was off for costumes.

"I said I thought I could make one or two of my dresses do with a little renewing, and asked him for an advance.

"He laughed and said it was hard enough on him to have to costume the chorus and the extra girls; principals must dress themselves.

"I went to my room disheartened, for I knew that what would hardly do for a reproduction at the Tivoli would not do at all for a new production on Broadway.

"I opened the trunk then for the first time, more to get some fresh things for baby than in any hope for myself and—saw such a wardrobe as I had only dreamed of.

"There were plenty of things in the trunk to show who it belonged to, and there was all the more reason I should want to return the beautiful things to the owner, for the friends who got the money to help me in San Francisco told me it was donated 'to help some poor woman,' by Lady McGowan.

"But how could I find her? Who was she? Where? Besides, I knew that with that wardrobe I could accept the engagement, and—and my baby was hungry.

"First I wrote to my San Francisco friends to tell Lady McGowan, wherever she might be, that I would pay for the wardrobe; then I wrote to the manager accepting the part. And I will pay, for they told me the show is a success, and——"

The woman stopped when Betty went over to her and putting her arm around her neck turned her head so that she could see in the next room what I'd seen from the first.

Betty's little girl had waked up, heard the talk, crept down stairs with a doll in her arms, found another little girl her own age there, and the two kiddies were purring and crooning over the doll as motherly as ever you please.

Betty kept the mother and daughter with her for a couple of weeks, while the actress was getting settled a bit in her work. But she did a kinder thing than that; she let the woman pay for the wardrobe, so much a week, as businesslike as you please.

"I didn't want Betty to let the woman pay her," says Sir Crawford, "but damme if I know women," he says.

CHANCE TO BE GARROTED.

Cuban Executioner Offered Visitors a Trial With His Pet Machine.

Executions for capital offences in Cuba are by the garrote. The present executioner in Havana in the carcel is a life prisoner, who gets $17.50 for each execution.

He takes personal pride in the garrote, which is a very simple affair, much less imposing even than the electric chair. The room in which justice is done is very small and very sombre.

The garrote is up on a little platform, all painted in black. The prisoner is seated in a chair, the band is fitted about his neck and a single turn of the lever completes the operation.

Giving a private view to some Americans, the executioner showed with simple pride how nicely oiled the apparatus was and conveyed an invitation through an interpreter to any one of them who wished to make a trial of the device. Then he grinned maliciously when the offer was refused.

On one occasion recently the executioner refused to do his work without pay in advance. There was no way of overcoming his objections, and as he couldn't get out to spend the money first the jail officials had to come to his terms.

Cargoes Sailors Don't Like.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Sugar, pine lumber and coffee is three cargoes what oughter never be carried," said the sailor. "They put a shellback off his food. They make him wuss'n seasick. A pine cargo soaks the ship and its contents in turpentine smells, so that the very drinking water tastes as if there was rosin in it. Sugar cargoes ferment, and the fumes comin' day and night from the hold causes the darnedest headache you can think of.

"But coffee is the worst of all. A coffee cargo gives the ship's meat, its bread and even its tea a sickenin' coffee taste."

FAULTS OF THE PERIOD ROOM

STYLES THAT ARE NOT SUITED TO MODERN WAYS OF LIVING.

Not Intended, Is the Answer, for the Small House, but Attractive in the Residence With Apartments Intended for Show—"Mixed" Rooms—Progress Ignored.

Shall it be the period room for the new house, or shall it be the modern compromise for this strictly artistic style? For several seasons the period room remained most popular with decorators. The number of men and women who have gone into decoration during the last few years has greatly increased. They have from preference devoted themselves to the period rooms, as they offer the decorator the best opportunity for the display of his skill.

The result has been a great number of rooms reproducing as exactly as slavish imitation can the rooms of the eighteenth and even the seventeenth century, whether these happened to be English in the style of Chippendale, Sheraton or Adam, or French in the manner of Louis XVI. of XV., or of the Empire. Most of the Empire rooms were planned more than a decade ago, when there was a great revival in taste for this rather debased style of decoration.

Adam is still an English craze which came in with the present taste for everything that is Georgian, and as in domestic architecture as well as in interior decoration Robert Adam is the essence of Georgian art, he is the favorite model of the day. The classic French designs of the Louis XIV. and XV. decorators have never been out of vogue. Decorators have always kept them in view, although at different times they have been more in demand that at others.

"The objection to period rooms," said a decorator who has not confined himself to this class of work, "is that one must for the sake of correctness surrender most of the progress that the world has made during several generations in comfort. The heavy, roomy chairs of velvet or leather turned out by the best of our manufacturers to-day are superior to anything that ever was invented so far as they are able to contribute to the natural joy of living One can sink into them with a sense of comfort as well as with the security that comes from knowing that they are not going to creak or crack or do any of the other disconcerting things that happen to antiques or reproductions of antiques.

"Take for instance furniture of the Adam or the Louis periods. Be it built ever so strongly there is no propriety in such furniture unless it be decorated in light shades of silk, satin or tapestry. That style was all very well in a century of gallantry when men never worked and women lived an artificial life entirely different from their existences to-day. Imagine the impropriety of a man who calls on a rainy afternoon and has to sit on a *chaise longue* covered with Aubusson tapestry in a design of flesh colored cupids against a background of yellow roses. Naturally furniture of such apartments fits them only for the most formal use. The period room in its most perfect form is suited only to the house that has several apartments, and the Adam or the French room is intended only for the most formal use.

"Or take an Empire room. The use of Empire furniture was never very well understood in this country by the women who could afford to buy most of it. I have seen rooms so crowded with tables, chairs, desks and cabinets that one could scarcely move around in them. Now, of course the Empire rooms in the Trianon, as well as those at Versailles, have very few pieces of furniture in them. They have the empty look that is just now so modish in New York. When the Empire craze was at its height, however, women soon realized that its formal, cheerless look was not what they wanted. Rooms that looked like that were no proper reflection of the full lives of to-day.

"It was impossible to find anything else that would appropriately go with Empire furniture. To the most uncultivated taste in decoration it was evident that Empire could not be mixed with modern pieces. The only way in which the depressing influence of the Empire could be overcome was through filling up the rooms with pieces of the same kind. That may not have made them much more cheerful, but it at least prevented them from looking so empty, which was exactly the way they should have looked to be characteristic. Then the right sort of silk for Empire furniture should be in light tints, and that made it unsuited to the needs of this year of grace. It is impossible to make any period rooms reflect the life of its occupants to-day.

"Just as unsuited to our time is the Adam room. The chairs are so frail that a man weighing over 160 hates to get into one of them. The sofas with their weblike straw seats are as alarming to any but the light and airy, although the straw is very much strengthened. Then pale green, pale pink and pale mauve satin brocade is a dangerous background for any man who has been sitting in a trolley car. The large Chippendale and Sheraton chairs are not uncomfortable, but the smaller ones totter on tiny spindle legs.

"What possible comfort can any but a very slight person derive from sitting on a small Louis XVI. chair with a gilded straw bottom? For a young girl in evening dress such a support is very suitable, and it would not be unsuitable for a man with a flowered velvet coat over his satin short clothes. But for a fat man even in evening dress such a perch is comic for spectators and agony for him.

"The large upholstered chairs now used so much never existed in the time of the other furniture, but they are an entirely appropriate rebellion against the tyranny of the strict period style. They are more comfortable than all the *bergères* or *chaises longues* in the world, yet they were never dreamed of in the days of Louis XV. A strict adherence to the styles of the period would have made them impossible. This is the superiority of the latitude which the decorator has when he gets out of the strict period.

"Of course to make Adam furniture and cover it with leather, velvet, dark brocade or other appropriate stuffs would be to violate the absolute rules of that period. Such furniture was never meant for regular and heavy use. Equally inappropriate would be French furniture of the two middle Louis decorated in dark shades or in leather. Periods must be properly and strictly carried out or they should not be attempted."

The decorator who is as eclectic as the one whose views were just quoted may of course put into a room anything that accords with good taste. Most of them have gone in for the low comfortable chairs of upholstery manufactured in this country and in England, and with these they often combine chairs or tables of English make, maybe of the Chippendale or Sheraton pattern. In a drawing room there may be a Louis XV. *bergère*, or perhaps an Empire chair, without too much of the ormulu.

Colonial or American Empire, which was manufactured in this country contemporaneously with the Empire furniture in France, is usually free from the metal ornamentation and therefore blends well with furniture of any period. The upholstered chairs are usually done in a flowered or solid colored velvet that follows the color scheme of the room. In the use of Adam, or the French furniture of the schools mentioned, it is as impossible to to have a room dark in color scheme as it is to decorate the furniture in that way. This particular more than anything else makes these periods so limited in their usefulness for modern decoration.

"Judiciously combined with the patterns of the day," said the eclectic decorator, "the classic types of furniture have great value and are in fact almost indispensable. French, English or Italian renaissance may be used to add variety to a scheme of decoration and in that way they are absolutely suited to our present conditions, especially as this is an age in which we are borrowing from the art of all times and nations to enhance the inventions of our own. Thus a composite room is a much more truthful reflection of our taste to-day than a strictly period room can ever be."

The decorator who goes in for the period regards himself as much more artistic than the decorator who merely seeks to make attractive looking living room suited to our civilization to-day.

"Of course no decorator would ever design a Louis XV. or Louis XVI. salon," he said, "for a house in which there were not to be formal apartments, nor would he be any more likely to supply with an Adam drawing room one that did not have less elaborate apartments for the use of the family. The more elaborate rooms are intended for formal use, and these periods are alone adapted to the decoration of such rooms. The man who builds a ballroom in his house will presumably have all the other rooms he needs. He can find no more beautiful school of decoration for such an apartment than that invented by the Frenchmen. Those designs were the outcome of the spirit of the time, which was a time of gayety, beauty and luxury. Such elements are better suited to a ballroom than any that might be invented by the conditions of the day.

"A man with a room that represents exactly some period of decorative art has more than a mere apartment in his house. He has something as artistic as a beautiful picture or a porcelain. Of course the owner of a small house would be foolish to have his only living room done in the style of a Louis XV. salon. He would be ridiculous. In the same way are the Adam rooms unsuited to the small or even the modest home. They belong to the class of rooms which should be little used. On the other hand there is no more beautiful model for every American home than our Colonial rooms, when either they be living room, dining room or hallway. And Colonial bedrooms are more appropriate to our way of life than any other. They are also something more than a mere room. They are artistic little museums, forming very interesting reminders of our national life."

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Frau von Papp is the first woman to qualify as a motor cab driver in Berlin. She passed a severe police test and will wear the regulation blue uniform and white peaked cap worn by the men motor cab drivers in Berlin. Frau von Papp is the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman and the widow of a large land owner. Something more than a year ago she met with financial reverses that swept away her large property. With two children to care for and educate she began to cast about for a means to earn a living, and turned her knowledge and fondness for motoring to account.

Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mrs. Clarence Burns, president of the Little Mothers Aid Association; Mrs. William Jennings Bryan and Miss Mary McDowell, the Chicago settlement worker, are cooperating in a plan to bring the 180,000 homeless children of this country to the attention of the 2,000,000 childless homes that are said to exist. Short histories and photographs of the children who are candidates for adoption will be published in a popular magazine and the women who are interesting themselves in the work believe that homes will be found for most of the homeless little ones.

Miss Cora Crocker, a deaf, dumb and blind girl, has surprised her teachers in the workshops of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind in Cambridge by the quickness with which she has mastered the intricate machinery of her loom and the beauty and delicacy of her work. She has only just passed her twenty-first birthday and has been under the care of teachers for a comparatively short time, yet she weaves the most delicate fancy articles, dainty colored designs. She is said to be the only person so afflicted who has ever succeeded in doing such beautiful work. There are several blind women working in the same shop who do good work, but she is the only one who can neither speak nor hear. Her earnings, it is said, of more than $20 a month are steadily increasing.

Cooperative housekeeping is about to be tried in Garden City, Letchworth, England, on a large scale. The houses are to be built about three sides of a quadrangle, each house separate except that there will be a common dining hall. This dining hall and the servants' quarters will be in a central building, which is to be connected with each house by a covered way. The rents are to be from $100 to $225 a year. Occupants are under no obligations to eat in the dining hall, but may have their meals served in their house for a small extra charge. A special place will be provided for musical practice, and there will be some restrictions on pets, but none on children. It is said that applications for admission have been received from all classes, the greatest number coming from retired army and navy officers with families.

Mrs. Eliza M. Goode is the oldest merchant and also the oldest woman voter in Cincinnati. She was born in England in 1819, and her father was a millionaire ship owner. He lost his fortune and dying immediately afterward left his daughter penniless at the age of 15. By hard work she gained a remarkable education and became a teacher in the national schools at 17. It was during her teaching in these schools that she attracted the attention of Queen Victoria, who showed her marked favor on more than one occasion. After her marriage her husband, an English army officer, decided to come to America. They settled in Cincinnati and Mrs. Goode opened a school in College Hill, walking the eight miles between the school and her home twice daily. When the civil war came she followed her husband to the front as a nurse, where she remained until the end of hostilities. On her return to Cincinnati she fitted up her present store. She has acquired a comfortable fortune and in spite of her great age takes an active interest in all that goes on about her. When asked if she would take part in the approaching school election she replied: "I have registered and shall vote for the man who will do the most good."

Miss Belle Kearney spoke in Cooperstown, N. Y., the other day and gives the following description of Christ Church, where James Fenimore Cooper used to worship: "On entering one sees this notice in large letters, 'Silence!' This is at all times a church. Men and boys enter only with heads uncovered; women and girls enter only with heads covered. 1 Corinthians, xxi., 4-5.' Underneath this notice, which is tacked on the door opening into the auditorium is pinned this clipping:

"Amid modern changes of fashion it has been forgotten that a woman expresses by keeping her hat on what a man expresses by taking his off. Women will not be allowed to enter church with hats off until men are allowed to enter with hats on."

President Craighead of Tulane University in New Orleans says that the faculty of that institution wants another year to consider the question of admitting women to its medical classes. Miss Jean Gordon, the woman factory inspector, declared: "It is great injustice that Southern girls who wish to become physicians should be forced to go to New York, Boston or Philadelphia for their training when they might remain at home and take their course at Tulane. Paul Tulane left his money for the higher education of the white youth of the South and made no distinction of sex."

Dr. Sarah Mayo of the Women's and Children's Dispensary said that Tulane or any other university would be all the better for the presence of women students and speaking of the doctors who opposed the movement she said: "They are always glad to have women help them in operations as trained nurses but are not willing that the same women shall be present either as students or fellow practitioners. The study of the body is a science, an uplifting, noble science in that it is the study of God's most perfect work. When the body is approached by men or women whose vocation is medicine there can be nothing unmanly or unwomanly about it. Above all there can be nothing base about it, and I am indeed sorry for the morals of any doctor who thinks separate classes necessary."

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith-Miller and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson are now the only survivors of the eighty-nine persons who signed the call for the first national woman's rights convention, which was held in Worcester, Mass., in 1850.

RULES FOR TIRED BEAUTIES

REMEDIES FOR THE DAMAGES DONE BY OVEREXERTION.

Attention Needed by the Muscles, Eyes, Nerves, Lips and Face Generally—A Day in Bed for Recuperation—Tricks and Trappings for Making Up the Face.

After a period of day and night dissipation, as during Horse Show week, a pretty woman's beauty needs looking after. The woman who has been up every night for a week and has been clad all day in tight fitting gowns should take at least twenty-four hours to recuperate.

The muscles are the first to need rest. Tight lacing makes wrinkles in a woman's face. Lying in bed a whole day is the best remedy for this.

For the guidance of the tired woman there are these six rules:

Lie in bed in the morning until you wake up of your own accord.

Put on loose clothing, and if possible change it completely in the middle of the day.

If you are going out in the afternoon and have a busy day before you try the Queen Alexandra diet of five small meals a day. Take a glass of milk and a biscuit at 11 o'clock and another at 4. This will not interfere with your regular meals and will serve as a pick me up.

Don't sit bolt upright if you can help it. Select chairs with restful backs and try to favor yourself a little.

Coddle your nerves also; don't listen to harrowing stories and don't allow yourself to become disturbed. Above all things don't worry.

Try to rest your eyesight and don't read before breakfast nor directly after a meal.

If the lips lose their color try the lotion made by an old French woman who has supplied the nobility with it since the belledom of Eugénie. It is merely a mixture of rosewater and glycerine half and half, with a little borax powder stirred in. Those who cannot stand glycerine can use a very little almond oil.

The lips should also be exercised. To exercise your lips open your mouth wide and smile as broadly as you can. Moisten your lips and lightly press them together with the teeth.

Now make a great round circle of your mouth and smile again as broadly as possible. Do this half a dozen times. Then moisten the lips with the French lotion and let them rest.

The hands deserve some care, for they will begin to look old if a woman lets herself grow tired. The immediate remedy is glove paste, which can be applied at night until the hands begin to look young again.

When a woman gets tired from social exactions her complexion grows dull, her forehead is yellow and wrinkles appear on her face.

The quickest treatment is that of face spraying. A bath hose is turned upon the face and the spray is allowed to play upon the skin. The water should be so hot that it tingles the skin and the spraying should be kept up until the cuticle is rosy and the face soft and plump. It is astonishing how quickly the skin responds to this treatment.

There is a woman who takes the face spraying nightly. She covers her face with soap suds or with a good home made soap jelly.

Then she leans her face over the basin, and taking the hose in her hand, turns its spray upon her face. Inside of five minutes the soap is rinsed off and the skin is plump and pink. Three minutes of massage will make the face pretty for the next day.

There are women who do not believe in soap and water for the face. But the fact is that most of the professional beauties use it upon the face nightly, washing it off with a special preparation that clears the skin.

If one does not want to go to the trouble of face spraying there are washes that can be applied with a sponge. One of these is the wash made by putting some benzoin in a basin of rain water.

Another good face wash is made by taking a full basin of very hot water and adding a teaspoon of borax to it. To this is added just a little spirits of cologne. And with this the tired skin is daubed. But the hot face spray is much better.

When one wears short sleeves, or sleeves that expose the arms to the elbows, there is apt to be a pair of red arms to be treated. No matter how well one may protect the arms with long gloves there will come a chapped condition. This calls for a bleach and a treatment.

The juice of a lime mixed with water half and half can be used to take discolorations off the arms. But there must come a vigorous massage with cream to restore the softness and tone.

One plan is to keep a half pint jar of whole cream until it is acid and then rub it into the arms, which are massaged with it until they are soft and white. The next step is to slip them into the softest of silk stockings to keep them warm and protect them until the cream has had time to do its work.

The belle who can afford a ripe cucumber at this season is fortunate indeed. The acid of the cucumber works wonders with a skin that has grown sallow.

Rose shades are a great aid to beauty, but since one cannot always be surrounded with them the next best thing is to prepare the skin so that it will look pretty in any light. And this can only be done by giving it a natural tone.

The woman who is making up for evening should remember these things:

Too much powder makes the skin look white and ghastly.

Rouge, while a good thing, can easily be carried too far.

Makeup in the shape of cosmetics under the eyes is bad, for it gives a woman an old before her time look.

Reddening the lips with lip rouge is a poor plan if the lips can be made to look red naturally.

The way to make up the face is from the neck up. Few women realize this and they begin in the middle of the face.

The neck can have as much powder as a woman can spare. It can be actually plastered on, particularly if a woman is going to wear a lingerie gown.

But when it comes to the face it is a different matter. The skin should be very lightly dashed with hot water, which must be followed by cold cream rubbed well into the skin.

The cheeks must now be nipped with the finger tips until they are as glowing as roses, the lips should be massaged until they are like cherries and the lobes of the ears should be pinched into pinkness.

Now the face can be allowed to cool off for a minute. Then comes the powder, which can be put on little by little and rubbed in.

The French actresses have a way of throwing a cloud of powder over the face and clouding it again and again until the complexion is softened into a naturally creamy tone. But the domestic woman must be careful not to use too much.

The trick in powdering lies in anointing the face with cold cream and then in rubbing the powder well into the complexion. In this way one gets a naturally beautiful skin.

When a woman is tired she shows it in her hair, which gets out of condition, like the rest of her anatomy. The remedy for tired hair lies in a soft water shampoo, a thorough ventilation, and in waving the hair until it looks as though it were naturally curly.

Curls give any face a young look. The ears should be lightly draped with tiny ringlets, and there may be a few little curling lovelocks along the temples and at the nape of the neck.

WINTER'S NEAR; SO IS TROUBLE.

Mr. Flatdweller Talks of Steam Radiators and the Tenants Overhead.

"Well," said Mr. Flatdweller, "we've got the steam turned on and now our troubles begin; leaky radiators, lack of heat and I don't know what not.

"We have some radiators that work perfectly, and then we have some that spit and sputter and spatter water all over the nearby window curtains and that sometimes leak so that we have to put cloths on the floor under them to catch the drip, or even bowls or pails to keep the water from soaking the carpet and leaking through the floor and the ceiling below.

"That's what we do. We take thought of our neighbors as well as of ourselves. But not everybody is so thoughtful or careful as that.

"Looking up at the ceiling in one of our rooms some fine morning Mrs. Flatdweller says: 'Look at that, will you!' and I look, and there on our ceiling is a great blotch made by water from a leaky radiator in the flat overhead.

"And then we get the janitor to come up and look at our ceiling, and then we get him to go upstairs and see if he can't fix that radiator up there so that it won't leak and our ceiling won't be made any worse. And we ask him not to let the folks upstairs think that we're finding fault with them.

"So the janitor says he'll fix that all right, meaning that he won't make us out to the people upstairs as kickers, and then he goes up there and in a minute we hear him at work on that radiator with a wrench and he does the best he can with it, but with all that as likely as not it leaks again as bad as ever the next week. You can't do anything with a leaky radiator. You've got to look out for it and take a philosophical view when it leaks.

"But leaks in them are not the only things that trouble us; sometimes the radiators get stone cold. I see you know what a stone cold radiator is, when the heat at some unexpected time mysteriously disappears and leaves the rooms freezing.

"And then this turning off of the heat in the house at 10 o'clock. I never could quite get used to that. You are reading along comfortably in a comfortable room and the first thing you know the room is growing cold. You shiver and look up, and it's after 10 o'clock; the heat has been turned off for the night and there's nothing to do but to go to bed to get warm.

"And on warm days we have heat enough to roast us, and on cold days we want to know what's the matter with the heat. Why do we have fourteen times as much heat as we want on hot days and not half enough when it's cold?

"Oh, yes, we have our troubles with the steam heat; and yet when I look back, as I am old enough to do, on the days when we had no such thing, but everybody used stoves, when we had to lug up the coal and lug out the ashes, and when on cold nights we hugged the stove and poked the fire to make it give out more heat, why, I forget the radiator's little drawbacks and think only of its advantages, as for instance that in moderate weather anyway you can get all the heat you want out of it simply by the turning of a little wheel."

PARIS AND LONDON CHILDREN.

Views of a German Observer on French and English Methods of Bringing Up.

A German newspaper writer comparing French and English children considers that there are serious faults in the bringing up on both sides of the Channel, but on the whole gives the preference to the French. He speaks with great admiration of the number of parks in London and of the freedom allowed the children to romp over the grass. There are no playgrounds in Paris, he says; there are many beautiful public gardens in the city, but through these the children parade in prim, subdued style like a lot of stunted grownups.

The London child, in fact, enjoys a liberty such as the Parisian youngster never dreams of. The management of children in England comes perilously near neglect; in France it is dangerously near coddling. A London child out at play feels that its playground is its own domain and resents the intrusion of parents or tutors.

The French children are much cleaner and neater and more finished in manner. There is no place in the world where children are so beautifully dressed as in Paris. They seem quite conscious of it, too, and proud of keeping themselves spick and span. They will sit or walk with their playmates for hours, amusing themselves in restrained, demure ways which do not impair their dolllike appearance. But from the physical point of view the English children have far the best of it. Their well-nourished bodies, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and boisterous manners denote a much higher degree of vitality than the slight forms, sallow faces and tame demeanor of the Parisian youngsters.

On the moral side, however, France is far ahead. The freedom of English child life has serious consequences, foremost among them being the decline of parental authority. It is no exaggeration to say that the English household where all the members do their duty and the children honor and obey their elders is an exception.

It is altogether different in France. There the family is fast bound together. Each member feels that he is inextricably involved with all the others in mutual obligations. The sons are devoted to their mother, the daughters reverence their father, the parents find the joy of their hearts in the children, and the children find happiness in showing respect for their elders.

Perhaps, says the critic, the keeping of children at home may lead to a narrower education, but the present English free will system tends to develop scatterbrains and ne'er-do-wells. Left to himself early and thrown on his own resources, the English boy is all too soon blasé, while the French boy brought up under strict tutelage may remain too long childish in his views of the world. The one becomes grown up prematurely, the other a trifle too late.

The two systems of bringing up have divergent faults. The ideal way would be a mean between the two.